

BIG 52 PAGES OF EXCITING ADVENTURES IN FULL COLOR

WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication

AUG. NO. 93



BILL BOYD



TOM MIX



MONTE HALE



GABBY HAYES

10¢



In this issue:

**TREACHERY AT
TRIPLE TTT!**



Three **ALL-STAR** Cameras for your Vacation Shots



Brownie Hawkeye Camera—New smooth styling, clear oversize view finder—a cinch to load and use. Takes 12 black-and-white shots on Kodak 620 Film. Camera, \$5.50. Kodak Photo Flasher, \$1.55.



Kodak Duaflex Camera—Big, brilliant, waist-level finder shows you your picture big and clear. Takes 12 pictures, $2\frac{1}{4}$ square, on a roll of Kodak 620 Film. With Kodet Lens, \$12.75. With focusing Kodar f/8 Lens, \$19.85. Flashholder, \$3.33.

• Any one of these nifty cameras is a winner. Any one is fun to own, easy to use, and takes fine pictures. Just right for vacation days—gives you a priceless record of your good times and new friends. See these cameras at your Kodak dealer's.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.



Brownie Flash Six-20 Camera—Makes splendid snaps "right around the clock." Two-position focusing helps you get sharp, clear negatives (size $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$). Camera, \$11.75. Flashholder, \$2.92.

Prices include Federal Tax.

Kodak
TRADE MARK



SAVE BAGS

WITH THE **RED DOTS**

FOR SWELL GIFTS!

AND... Save ICE CREAM or
ICE MILK on-a-stick BAGS
that read: "POPSICLE PETE" &
"SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"

QUILL PEN
Sensational new
ball-point 12"
quill pen with desk
stand. Brilliant colors.

**50 BAGS
OR
10c & 10 BAGS**

ALL-PURPOSE KNIFE
Two steel blades,
rugged handle.
Swell for
outdoor fun and
1000 uses. Knife
opens to 5 1/2".

**100 BAGS
OR 20c & 10 BAGS**

DUTCH SHOES PIN
Sparkling brooch for hat,
coat, dress or
handbag.
An ideal
gift.

**50 BAGS
OR 10c & 15 BAGS**

TWIN JET BINOCULARS
Streamlined, brightly
colored 3-power binoculars.
Looks like jet fighter. Swell
for ball games
and hikes.

**100
BAGS
OR 20c & 15 BAGS**

**"POPSICLE PETE,"
"TWIN POPSICLE,"
"JUDGSICLE" and "CREAMSICLE"
are registered trade marks
of the JOE LOWE CORPORATION**

**GET THESE
VALUABLE GIFTS
and
LOTS MORE**

write to **"POPSICLE PETE"**
DEPT. 1 P.O. Box 678, New York 46, N. Y.
400 West Ohio St., Chicago 10, Ill.
2744 East 11 Street, Los Angeles 23, Cal.
313 N. Highland Ave., N.E., Atlanta, Ga.

ASK for GIANT GIFT LIST—FREE at your ice cream store,
or write to "POPSICLE PETE" at address nearest you

This offer is limited to the U.S. and possessions, and is void and not extended in any locality where redemption or issuance thereof is prohibited, or where any tax, license or other restriction is imposed upon redemption or issuance.

WESTERN HERO

Executive Editor
WILL LIEBERSON

Editor
C. V. WOODS

Art Editor
AL JETTER

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LOUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



WESTERN HERO, August, 1950, Vol. 16, No. 93, is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter Sept. 30, 1948, at the post office, Greenwich, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Louisville, Ky. Copyright 1950 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Trademark of Fawcett Publications, Inc. Editorial and advertising offices, 67 W. 44th St., N. Y. 18, N. Y. Send remittances and letters concerning subscriptions, change of address, etc., to Circulation Dept., Fawcett P., Greenwich, Conn. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U. S., possessions and Canada. Foreign, \$1.70 in international money order U. S. funds. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in U. S. A.

At the Triple T Ranch, in Black Crow Corners...

I'M WORRIED ABOUT THAT GANG OF CATTLE RUSTLERS WHO'VE BEEN OPERATING IN THESE PARTS LATELY, HUTCH! I'M GOING TO RIDE INTO TOWN AND ASK THE SHERIFF IF HE HAS ANY NEWS ABOUT THEM!

ALL RIGHT, MISTER BLAIR!



I COULD TELL YUH NEWS ABOUT THOSE RUSTLERS, BLAIR! YORE TRUSTY FOREMAN, HUTCH, IS THE LEADER OF THAT GANG! THEY'RE WAITING IN OUR SECRET HIDE-OUT IN THE HILLS FER ME TO TELL THEM WHAR TO STRIKE NEXT!



WE'VE CLEANED OUT ALL THE OTHER BIG CATTLE RANCHES AND NOW IT'S TIME TO RUSTLE THE BIGGEST OF THEM ALL, THE TRIPLE T RIGHT HYAR!



Later, in the rustler's secret hide-out in the hills...

IT'S THE TRIPLE T TONIGHT, MEN! IT'S GOING TO BE THE EASIEST JOB OF ALL, THANKS TO MY BEING THE FOREMAN THAR!

WHAT DO YUH MEAN, HUTCH?



BLAIR'S A BIG COFFEE DRINKER! WAL, TONIGHT I'M GOING TO SLIP SOME KNOCKOUT DROPS IN HIS JAVA! BY THE TIME HE WAKES UP, HIS CATTLE WILL BE GONE AND SO WILL WE-- ACROSS THE BORDER!

WHAT ABOUT ALL THE HIRED HANDS?



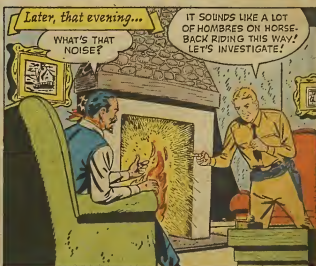
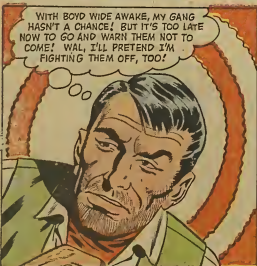
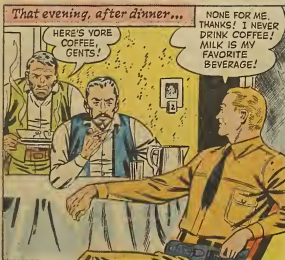
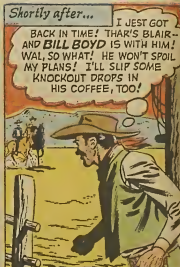
I RECKON I'LL JEST FLAVOR THEIR COFFEE WITH SOME KNOCKOUT DROPS, TOO! NINE O'CLOCK'S THE HOUR! NOW I'D BETTER GET BACK!

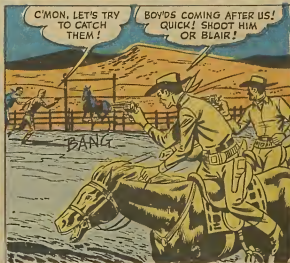
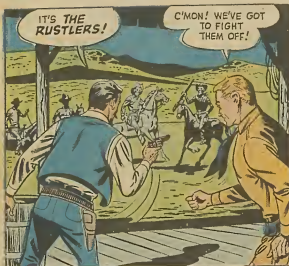


Meanwhile, in town...

THOSE THIEVING VARMINTS ARE STILL AT LARGE! WHY, THAR'S BILL BOYD, MY OLD FRIEND!



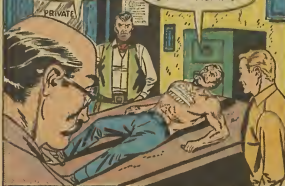




Later, at the Doctor's office in town...

MISTER BLAIR MUST BE SENT TO THE COUNTY HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY FOR AN OPERATION!

NO, NO! I CAN'T GO! I'VE GOT TO WATCH MY RANCH! THOSE RUSTLERS MIGHT TRY TO STEAL MY CATTLE AGAIN!



DON'T WORRY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR RANCH WHILE YOU'RE GONE! YOU'RE GOING TO THE HOSPITAL AND GET WELL!

SO BOYD'S GOING TO STAY ON! WAL, HE WON'T STOP US FROM GETTING BLAIR'S CATTLE! I'VE GOT A PLAN ALL FIGGERED OUT!



Early the following day...

I COULDN'T WARN YOU IN TIME THAT THEY DIDN'T TAKE THE KNOCK-OUT DROPS! BUT DON'T WORRY! THE HANDS ARE ALL SO SICK FROM THE DRUG, THEY CAN'T GIT OUT OF THEIR BEDS! BLAIR'S ON HIS WAY TO THE HOSPITAL, AND I KNOW HOW WE CAN STEAL HIS CATTLE AND THROW THE BLAME ON BOYD!



YUH MEAN YO'RE GOING TO FRAME BOYD!

THAT'S RIGHT! AND WE'RE GOING TO PULL THE JOB TODAY! NOW HYAR'S MY PLAN --



A few hours later...

I'VE GOT TO RIDE OVER TO THE NEXT TOWN, BOYD, AND VISIT MY SICK AUNT!

MUST YOU GO TODAY, HUTCH? ALL THE HANDS ARE SICK AND THOSE RUSTLERS MIGHT COME BACK!



ALL YUH HAVE TO DO IS FIRE A FEW SHOTS AND THEY'LL GO RUNNING! THEY VAMOOSE IN A HURRY WHEN SOMEONE IS AROUND! BUT MAKE SHORE YO'RE HYAR ALL THE TIME TILL I RETURN!

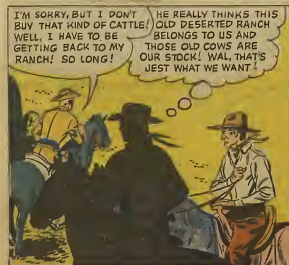
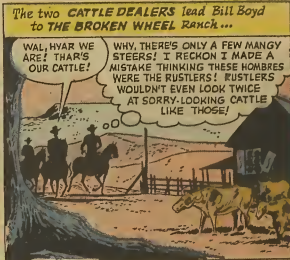
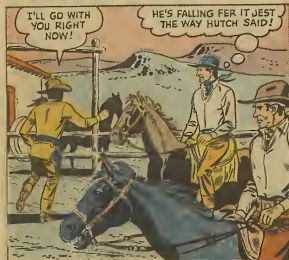
I'LL BE HERE, HUTCH!



Shortly after...

THAT'S A STRANGE WAY FOR A FOREMAN TO ACT -- RUSHING OFF AND LEAVING ME HERE ALONE! BUT I RECKON HUTCH FIGURED THE RUSTLERS WOULDN'T DARE COME BACK THE DAY AFTER THEIR OTHER ATTACK FAILED! SAY, WHO ARE THOSE STRANGERS?

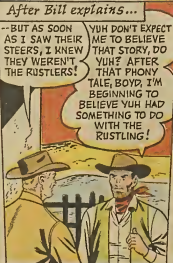






YUH LEFT
THE RANCH
UNGUARDED!
I WARNED
YUH NOT
TO!

I KNOW, BUT I MIS-
TOOK TWO CATTLE
DEALERS FOR MEMBERS
OF THE GANG! LET
ME TELL YOU WHAT
HAPPENED!



After Bill explains...

--BUT AS SOON
AS I SAW THEIR
STEERS, I KNEW
THEY WEREN'T
THE RUSTLERS!

YUH DON'T EXPECT
ME TO BELIEVE
THAT STORY, DO
YUH? AFTER
THAT PHONY
TALE, BOYD, I'M
BEGINNING TO
BELIEVE YUH HAD
SOMETHING TO DO
WITH THE
RUSTLING!



I SHOULDN'T
HAVE LEFT THE RANCH
UNGUARDED, HUTCH!
BUT I HAD A GOOD
REASON! THE STORY
IS THE TRUTH!

WHAR'S
THIS
RANCH
YOU SAY
YUH WENT
TO?



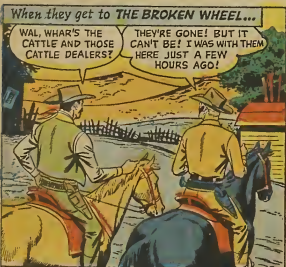
IT'S JUST OUTSIDE OF
TOWN! IT'S CALLED
THE BROKEN
WHEEL!

NOW I KNOW YOU'RE LYING!
THAT RANCH HAS BEEN
DESERTED FOR TEN YEARS!
THAR'S NO CATTLE THAR
AND NO CATTLE
DEALERS!



YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT
THAT, HUTCH! RIDE OVER
THERE WITH ME AND
YOU CAN SEE FOR
YOURSELF!

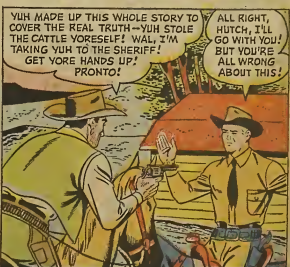
ALL
RIGHT,
BOYD!



When they get to THE BROKEN WHEEL...

WAL, WHAR'S THE
CATTLE AND THOSE
CATTLE DEALERS?

THEY'RE GONE! BUT IT
CAN'T BE! I WAS WITH THEM
HERE JUST A FEW
HOURS AGO!



YUH MADE UP THIS WHOLE STORY TO
COVER THE REAL TRUTH--YUH STOLE
THE CATTLE YORESELF! WAL, I'M
TAKING YUH TO THE SHERIFF!
GET YORE HANDS UP!
PRONTO!

ALL RIGHT,
HUTCH, I'LL
GO WITH YOU!
BUT YOU'RE
ALL WRONG
ABOUT THIS!

The villainous Hutch takes Bill to the Sheriff's Office in town...

THAT'S NO DOUBT ABOUT BOYD BEING GUILTY, SHERIFF! THAT'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO AND THAT'S TO LOCK HIM UP FER RUSTLING MY POOR BOSS' CATTLE!



MAYBE BOYD TOLD THAT LIE AS AN EXCUSE FOR LEAVING THE RANCH UNGUARDED! ARE YUH SHORE HE'S A RUSTLER?

I'M POSITIVE! AS MISTER BLAIR'S FOREMAN, I INSIST THAT YUH LOCK HIM UP!



ALL RIGHT, HUTCH! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, BOYD!

GOOD! I RECKON THAT WON'T BE ANY MORE RUSTLING ROUND HYAR NOW! WAL, I'LL GET BACK TO THE RANCH!



DON'T WORRY, BOYD. I'M NOT GOING TO LOCK YUH UP! I KNOW YORE REPUTATION AND I DON'T BELIEVE YORE GUILTY!

THANKS, SHERIFF!



I'M SUSPICIOUS OF HUTCH! IT STRIKES ME HE WAS TOO ANXIOUS TO HAVE YOU JAILED!

YES, THERE'S ONLY ONE REASON WHY HE'D TRY SO HARD TO MAKE IT APPEAR AS IF HE STOLE THE CATTLE! AND THAT'S IF HE DID IT HIMSELF! I'M ALMOST POSITIVE NOW THAT HE'S THE HEAD OF THE GANG OF RUSTLERS!

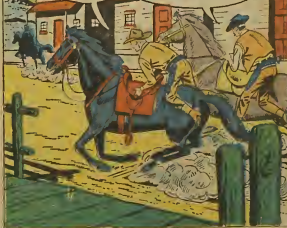


I SUGGEST WE TRAIL HIM! IF OUR HUNCH IS RIGHT, HE SHOULD LEAD US TO HIS GANG! LET'S GO!



THERE HE IS!

C'MON! WE DON'T WANT TO LET HIM GET OUT OF OUR SIGHT!



A short while later...

HUTCH IS RIDING BACK TO THE TRIPLE T!

IF HE'S REALLY THE RUSTLER, HE WOULDN'T BOTHER GOING THERE NOW! HE'D HEAD FOR HIS GANG AND LEAVE IT WITH ALL THE STOLEN CATTLE!

MAYBE WE'RE WRONG ABOUT HIM!

IF WE ARE, WE'VE GIVEN THE REAL RUSTLERS MORE TIME TO ESCAPE!

LOOK! HUTCH ISN'T STOPPING! HE'S RIDING ON! I RECKON WE WERE RIGHT ABOUT HIM AFTER ALL!

LET'S KEEP AFTER HIM!

HE'S HEADING FOR THE HILLS! THAT MUST BE WHERE HIS GANG IS HIDING OUT! IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, THEY'RE JUST WAITING TILL HE SHOWS UP TO BEAT IT OUT OF THE TERRITORY!

IF YOU'RE RIGHT, WE'LL HAVE A BATTLE ON OUR HANDS!

Shortly after...

I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS! EVERYTHING WORKED OUT JUST LIKE I FIGGERED! BOYD'S BEHIND BARS NOW! I CONVINCED THE SHERIFF HE RUSTLED BLAIR'S CATTLE! IT WAS EASY AFTER I TOLD HIM THAT BOYD MADE UP A PHONY STORY ABOUT GOING TO THE BROKEN WHEEL!

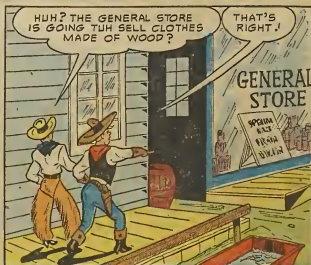
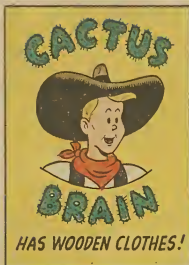
THAT SHORE WAS A GOOD IDEA OF YORES, HUTCH, SENDING US TO BOYD AS CATTLE DEALERS! YUH KNEW HE'D BE SUSPICIOUS AND COME WITH US TO SEE IF HE COULD CATCH THE WHOLE GANG!


SHORE, AND WHILE HE FOLLOWED YOU, THE REST OF THE GANG AND MYSELF CLEANED OUT THE CATTLE AT THE TRIPLE T!

WAL, WE'VE GOT ALL THE CATTLE WE WANT FROM THESE HYAR PARTS! LET'S GIT OUT OF HYAR!

NOBODY'LL BE LOOKING FER US, NOW THAT THEY OPINE BOYD IS THE RUSTLER AND HE IS IN JAIL!







PERIL HERD

A "Border Patrol" Yarn

By Dick Kraus

THE night was black along the river's edge without the faintest trace of a moon. A few stars glimmered overhead but with their pale glow, Slim Carson was barely able to make out the face of the man who crouched opposite him. It was his friend, Captain Eladio Gomez, of the Mexican police.

The Mexican policeman's face was troubled, and his voice murmured low. "I tell you, Slim," he said, "the ranchers on the other side of the Rio have been losing cattle—too many cattle—to these night raiders!"

"Let's get it straight," Slim Carson frowned, his slender hands hooked into his gun belt. "You say that rustlers have been attacking the herds on your side of the river and driving the stolen cattle across the Rio Grande to the United States?"

Captain Gomez nodded. "That is it!" he said. "They make their play on the night of the month when there is no moon—no light to follow them by. They strike fast and always at a different place—at one of the ranchos across the Rio. The caballeros follow them, but in vain. They cross the border and escape with our fine beef! That is why I have come to you, because I know that since your father was killed by border bandits, you have spent your days in pursuing them . . . in punishing them."

"That's right," nodded Slim Carson thoughtfully. "And you feel tonight is one of the nights when the rustlers will probably operate, eh?"

"Si!" agreed Eladio Gomez. "That is why I asked you to meet me."

Suddenly both men straightened and sprang to their feet. There was the sound of gunfire. Slim Carson's hand circled the worn butt of his father's Colt, but, before he could move, the Mexican officer had lunged forward.

"Follow me!" he husked. "It sounds like trouble . . . the kind of trouble we were expecting."

Running along the river's edge, they rounded a bend. And there, barely perceptible in the moonlight, they could see the glossy backs of Mexican cattle crossing the river, and the shadowy forms of riders urging them on.

"Let's get them!" Slim Carson grunted.

Whipping his Colt up, he fired quickly. There was a surprise gasp of pain from one of the mounted rustlers and an angry volley of revolver fire in return. "Take cover, Eladio!" Slim muttered. "They're too many for us!"

Hurling themselves to the ground behind a nearby boulder, Slim and Captain Gomez continued to fling lead at the elusive outlaws. But, as several of the rustlers remained behind to hold them off, the stolen cattle vanished into the night! And then, with a sudden whoop, the rustlers spurred their horses and wheeled into the shadows themselves. In a moment, there was no sight or sound of them!

"There they go," muttered Gomez! "As always . . . and it is impossible to find them in the black of night!"

"But haven't you got any idea about how we can trace them?" asked the young man. "They can't just disappear. Where do they sell the cattle?"

Captain Gomez nodded. "You are wise, my young friend. I have been thinking. With those Mexican brands, they cannot sell the cattle here in the United States. They must be working with American ranchers. They must be changing the brands and selling the cattle here as part of American herds! That is what I think!"

"You might be right," said Slim. "In that case, let's call a meeting of all the ranchers along this section of the river. And . . ." he paused suddenly and snapped his fingers. "I've an idea that may help us get at the truth! We'll send a message to all the ranchers to meet us in town . . . and then I want to pay a visit to the weekly newspaper office! They may be able to help me!"

Three hours later, the ranchers gathered in the town of Deep Gully. One by one they had ridden in, accompanied by their top riders. There was Jeff Morgan of the Lazy J, Jim Spears of the Flying U, Deke Martin of the Circle M, and several other lesser ranchers. Faces puzzled, they filed into the Grange Hall, where the meeting was being held.

"We got your message, Slim," Jim Spears said. "What's it all about?"

The youthful lawman looked about at the

ranchers—at Spears, at Deke Martin, at white-haired old Morgan. "It's like this," he said. "Captain Gomez here has been troubled by a bunch of rustlers who have been raiding Mexican herds across the river, then driving the cattle over here, and getting rid of them somehow!"

The cowmen settled themselves in their chairs, watching him and listening. Lips grew tighter. Eyes slitted.

"Tonight there was a new raid!" Slim Carson said. "The outlaws got away with a couple of hundred head of cattle. Somehow, they're disposing of the steers on this side of the river . . . maybe with the help of some of the American ranchers!"

"Bah!" husked big Deke Martin. "That's an insult to all of us. I'm not going to listen to—" "Wait!" shouted Slim Carson.

He threw a hand up. "Listen to this. Those Mexican cattle that were stolen tonight were dangerous. They had hoof and mouth disease—so bad they were going to be slaughtered and burned." He whipped a torn newspaper clipping from his pocket. It read, *Mexican Herds Swept by Hoof and Mouth Disease!*

Slim's gaze swept the assembled ranchers. "Now do you see what I mean? If those cattle get loose among our beef—the disease is highly contagious—our herds will all be ruined!"

"There was an excited hubbub among the ranchers. Slim could hear them discussing the news, could hear phrases like—"Young Carson's right! We'd better nab those steers afore all our herds come down with the disease!"

Suddenly, then, Deke Martin stood up! "It don't worry me!" he said. "C'mon, Clem," he nodded to his foreman. "Let's get back to the ranch. We'll get some sleep, while these birds here jaw all night!"

As the broad-shouldered Martin elbowed his way out of the hall into the night, Slim watched him. And, by his side, he saw that Eladio Gomez had his dark eyes riveted on the rancher too. Softly Slim whispered, "I think that's our man . . ."

It was an hour later. As quickly as they could, Slim and Gomez had left the Grange Hall. Mounting, the boy and the Mexican lawman had taken the twisting trail to the Circle M ranch.

Riding carefully, they had followed Deke Martin and his foreman—not to the home ranch, but farther up in the hills—to a narrow entrance to an arroyo. There Slim Carson and Captain Gomez dismounted. Creeping forward

around the bend, they saw the orange glow of a half-hidden campfire. There was the deep lowing of a herd of cattle past the fire. The two lawmen could see several men reflected in its light.

They crept closer. Suddenly, they could hear the excited voice of Deke Martin.

"Clint, you blamed idiot! And you, Miguell! I ought to shoot the lot of you! Bringing in cattle with hoof and mouth disease! What if the rest of our steers caught it? We'd be ruined. We got to get rid of these blamed beeves!"

There was a protest from one of the other men. "But Deke, you're all wrong! There's not a thing wrong with these steers. They're as healthy as you and me!"

A voice cut thin and sharp across the night to the group about the fire. It was the voice of the young border patrolman, Slim Carson.

"He's right, Martin!" he said. "There's not a thing wrong with those cattle—just that they're stolen. A crime that you and your rannies are going to pay for . . . pronto!"

"Carson!"

Deke Martin whirled, his face distorted with fury in the red firelight. "You followed us here! You tricked us into showing our hand!" His gun arm flashed down and came up with the fingers gripping a heavy .45! "Blast them, boys! Finish them off!"

At Martin's draw, Slim Carson flung himself to the side and whipped out his Colt. Guns roared through the night! Suddenly, three men, with hands high came forward. As Slim walked tightly forward to take Martin's gun, the Mexican policeman kept the outlaws covered.

YOUNG CARSON shoved the .45 in his own gun belt, and there was a last angry question on Martin's lips. "I—I don't get it," he said. "How come that story about the hoof and mouth disease? And how about that newspaper clipping? You didn't fake that!"

"No," Slim Carson agreed. "I didn't fake that! The Mexican cattle had hoof and mouth disease . . . but it was fifteen years ago. I got the clipping from back files in the newspaper office to throw a scare into whoever was behind the rustlers."

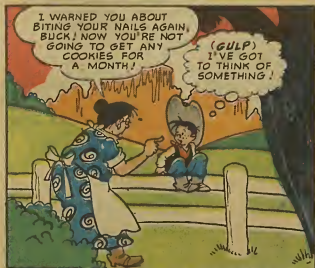
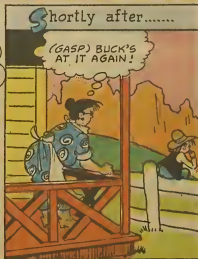
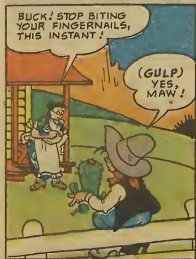
He grinned momentarily. "Today," he said, "they're as healthy as you or me . . . except that you may not be healthy very long!"

THE END

SLIM CARSON battles on the side of law and order in every issue of WESTERN HERO.

LIL BUCK

FINGERNAIL BITER!



RED SWIFT

Leaps for Life!

RED -
HE'S GOING OVER
THE FALLS!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM -
THOSE ROCKS-THAT'S THE ANSWER

HELP!

I'LL JUMP FOR IT! C'MON YOU BALL-BANDS
LET'S SEE THAT SPRING OF YOURS

WOW! - MUST BE
20 FEET ACROSS

BOY!
LOOK AT
HIM GO!

A HITCH-KICK'LL
DO IT!

OH! YOU BALL-BANDS
I REALLY NEED THAT
GEAR-GRIP NOW!

HELP!
I'M GOING UNDER!

TAKE IT EASY
I'VE GOTCHA!

GEE! -
WHAT A
JUMP!
HOW DID YOU
DO IT RED?

LOOK FOR THE **RED BALL**
...AND LEARN THIS TRICK

THAT'S THE SECRET, FELLAS. LOOK FOR
THE SPORT SHOES WITH THE **RED BALL**
ON THE SOLE - FOR SPECIAL **ARCH-GARD***
SUPPORT - FOR REAL GOOD SPRING AND
STAMINA - FOR PLENTY OF GRIP. PERFECT FOR
THIS EXTRA-DISTANCE JUMPING TRICK.
INSTEAD OF HOLDING FEET OUT IN FRONT
KEEP SCISSORS-KICKING AS YOU FLY ALONG

TRADE
MARK

RED L.S. PAT. OFF.
5-10-50

BALL-BAND

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO. MISHAWAKA, INDIANA

ARCH-GARD* GUARDS YOUR
FEET AT 3 VITAL POINTS

- ① GUARDS YOUR LONGITUDINAL
ARCH FOR WALKING
AND JUMPING.
- ② CUSHIONS HEEL, LESSENS
SHOCK OF RUNNING
- ③ GUARDS YOUR
METATARSAL ARCH
FOR GREATER COMFORT
AT THE FRONT
OF YOUR FOOT



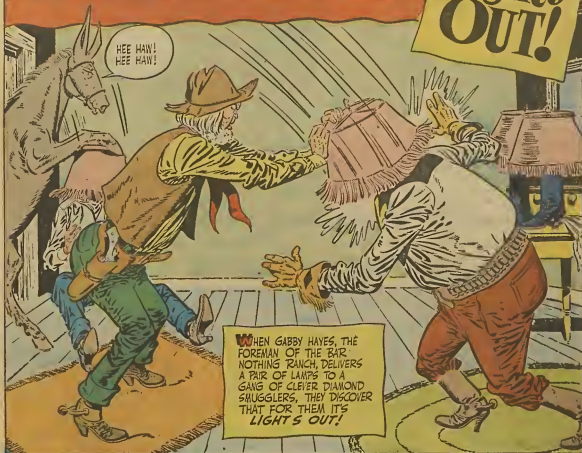
WOW!
WATCH YOUR SMOKE IN
BALL-BAND jets
WITH
DURA-KOOL UPPERS

NEW! BREATHE AS YOU WALK

NEW! TO WASH CLEAN - JUST WIPE

NEW! TOUGH - UPPERS LAST AS
LONG AS SOLES

GABBY HAYES in Lights Out!



ONE DAY, IN THE TOWN OF RAWHIDE...
ROUND UP A POSSE, SLIM! THERE'S A GANG OF DIAMOND SMUGGLERS THAT MUST BE APPREHENDED! SEARCH EVERYBODY AND EVERYTHING, EVEN DOWN TO THEIR HORSES' SHOES!

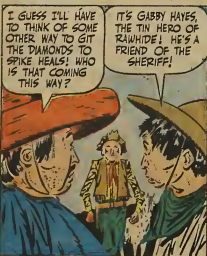


RIDE OVER TO TACOS AND WARY BULL LACUR NOT TO SEND ME THOSE BURROS, SCHELL!

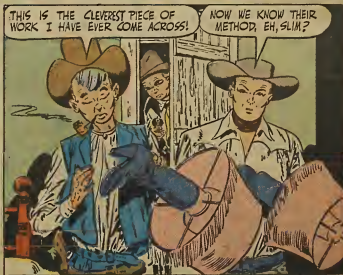
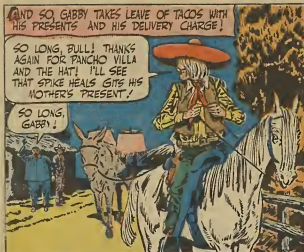


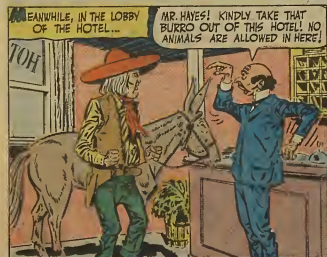
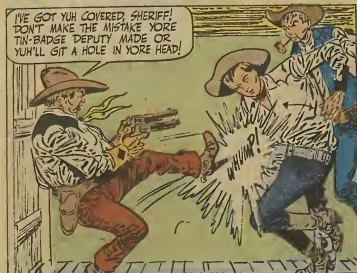
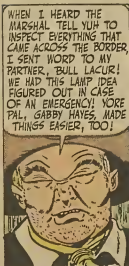
HEY, MR. HEALS, I NEED MEN FER MY POSSE!

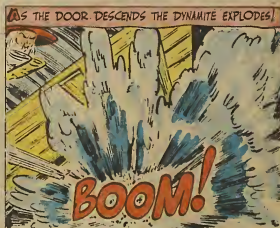
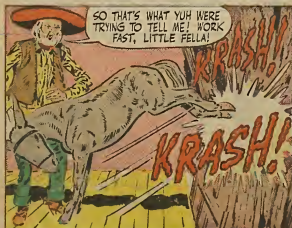






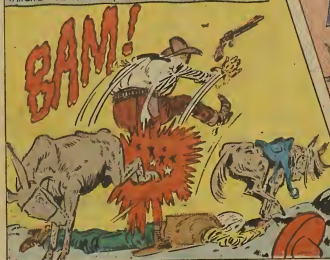








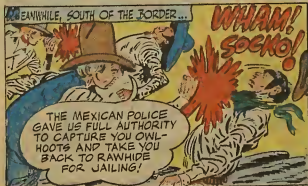
JUST AS THE KILLER PREPARES TO FIRE AT GABBY, PANCHO VILLA DOES A BIT OF HIS OWN FIRING!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...



MEANWHILE, SOUTH OF THE BORDER...

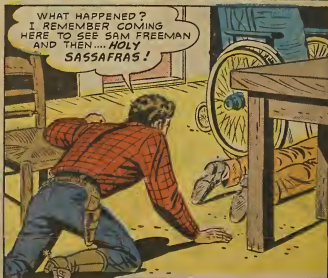


LATER, BACK IN RAWHIDE...





WHAT'S THIS? THE GREAT MONTE HALE UNCONSCIOUS? BUT WAIT, HE IS JUST COMING TO...



IT'S SAM FREEMAN--- AND HE'S DEAD! SOMEONE SHOT HIM! WHO'D WANT TO KILL AN OLD MAN WHO COULDN'T EVEN MOVE FROM HIS WHEEL CHAIR?



SAM WAS SHOT WITH MY GUN! THERE'S ONE CARTRIDGE MISSING--- AND I CAN STILL SMELL THE CORDITE!



I RECKON THE SET-UP'S CLEAR! SOMEONE'S TRYING TO MAKE IT APPEAR THAT I BUSHWHACKED POOR OLD SAM FREEMAN!



SAM FREEMAN ACCUSES ME OF BEING THE KILLER! HMM! THEY'RE SURE TRYING TO KNOT THE NOOSE AROUND MY NECK!



OH-OH! VISITORS! I'D BETTER HIGHTAIL IT OUT OF HERE!

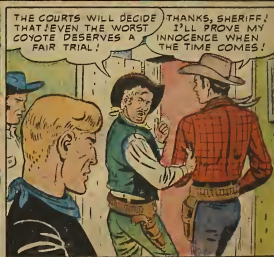
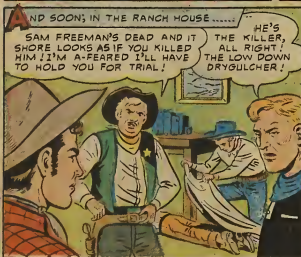
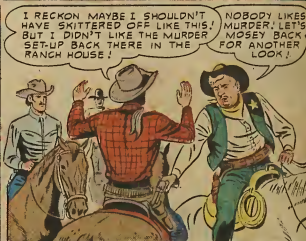
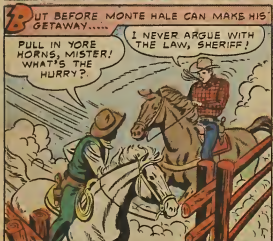
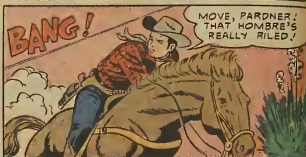
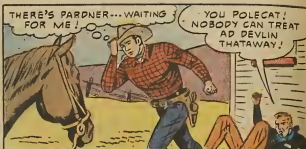


THAT'S THE SHERIFF! I CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE HIM FIND ME HERE WITH THE WAY THINGS LOOK!



HOLD ON, MISTER! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE HEADING?





PROVE HIS INNOGENCE, WILL HE? WE'LL JUST SEE ABOUT THAT! THAR'S A SWIFTER KIND OF JUSTICE FER HOMBRES LIKE HIM!



WHEN THE SHERIFF AND MONTE HALE ARRIVE AT THE JAILHOUSE...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, AD DEVLIN?

I TOOK THE SHORT CUT TO TOWN, SHERIFF! POOR SAM FREEMAN HAD A LOT OF FRIENDS--AND WE DON'T AIM TO SEE HIS KILLER GO FREE!



DON'T GET YORESELVES RILED UP, BOYS! IF THIS HERE HOMBRE IS A KILLER, HE'LL GIT WHAT'S COMING TO HIM! BUT I WON'T STAND FER ANY LYNCHING PARTY!



STAY BACK! I'LL SHOOT THE FIRST MAN WHO TAKES A STEP TOWARD US!

THE SHERIFF'S BLUFFING! LET'S GET THAT MURDERING COYOTE!



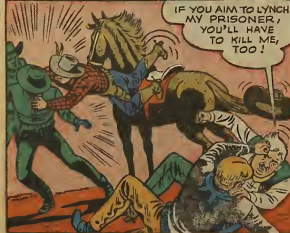
BANG!

SNAP!

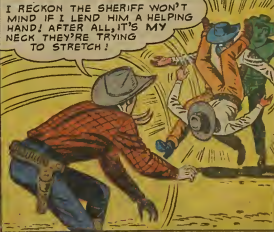
I GOT HIS GUN!

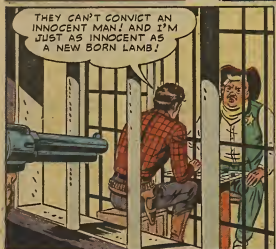
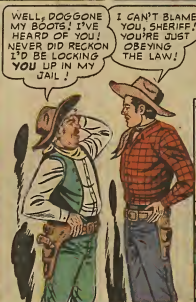
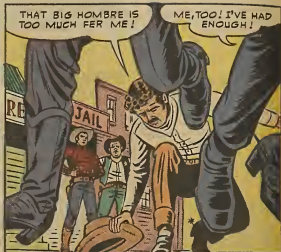


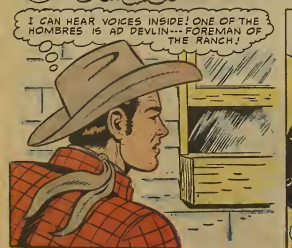
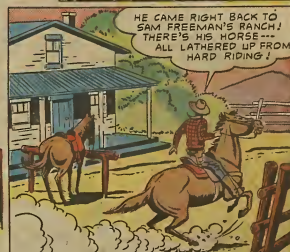
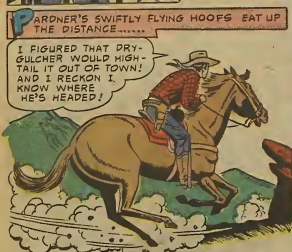
IF YOU AIM TO LYNCH MY PRISONER, YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL ME, TOO!



I RECKON THE SHERIFF WON'T MIND IF I LEND HIM A HELPING HAND! AFTER ALL, IT'S MY NECK THEY'RE TRYING TO STRETCH!







IF MONTE HALE GOES ON THAT STAND TOMORROW, HE'LL TELL HOW SAM FREEMAN WROTE HIM BECAUSE HIS CATTLE WERE BEING RUSTLED! SAM OPINED IT WAS HIS OWN HANDS DOING THE RUSTLING, BUT HE COULDN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT WHILE HE WAS BOUND TO THAT WHEEL CHAIR!



THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'LL TELL, DEVLIN! ONLY I'LL ADD THAT YOU'RE THE HOMBRE WHO HEADED THE RUSTLERS!



I DON'T NEED A GUN TO HANDLE COYOTES LIKE YOU!



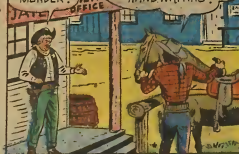
I RECKON IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO GET A FULL CONFESSION OUT OF YOU! YOU'LL NEED THE SHERIFF AND ME TO SAVE YOU FROM A LYNCH MOB!



LATER, WITH AD DEVLIN AND HIS RANNIES SAFELY IN THE HANDS OF THE LAW

AD DEVLIN SLUGGED YOU, AND SHOT FREEMAN WITH YORE GUN! THEN HE WROTE THAT NOTE ACCUSING YOU OF THE MURDER!

THAT'S RIGHT, SHERIFF! BUT I STILL HAD SAM'S LETTER TO ME, ASKING FOR HELP! I COULD HAVE PROVED IT WAS A DIFFERENT HANDWRITING!

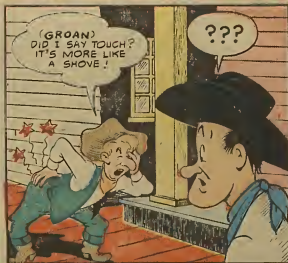
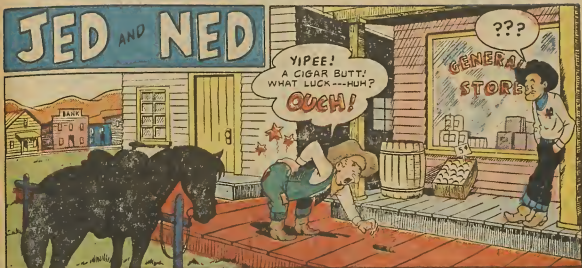


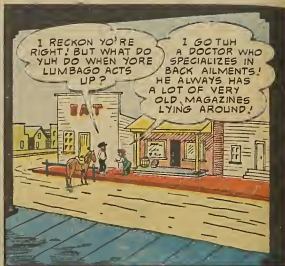
I WASN'T AFRAID OF A FAIR TRIAL--- BECAUSE, I WAS INNOCENT! I RECKON AD DEVLIN WILL HAVE A ROUGHER TIME OF IT!

HE'LL BE KEEPING A DATE WITH THE HANGMAN! YOU CAN BET YORE LAST BEAT-UP SOMBRERO ON THAT!



FOLLOW THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF MONTE HALE IN MONTE HALE WESTERN AND IN WESTERN HERO EVERY MONTH!





Get this Official "Rocky" Lane Posse Shoulder Patch

only **10¢**

WITH ONE LABEL
FROM CARNATION
MALTED MILK

Wear it
"sheriff-style" as
shoulder patch



Looks swell on
neckties, scarves
and kerchiefs



Wear it on
shirts, T-shirts
or play suits



Amazing New Kind of Patch

Applied in seconds to any light colored garment by magic new hot iron method. Apply directly on garment without sewing. Or Iron it on piece of cloth and have mother sew it to your clothes,

DRINK
CARNATION
IT'S OUR
OFFICIAL
POSSE
FAVORITE!



Actual Size — Actual Colors

"IT'S A BEAUTY," SAYS "ROCKY"!

"It tells at a glance you're a pal of mine. Make your friends envious. Be the first in your gang to wear my official Posse Shoulder Patch. And say, pardner, we hard ridin' posse members got to have plenty

of energy. So fuel up regularly with my favorite... *Carnation Malted Milk*. Make 'em right at home—easily, quickly, often. Tell Mom to get Carnation Malted Milk at her grocer's today. And send for my official "Rocky" Lane Posse Shoulder Patch right away."

● Brilliant colors
withstand at least
10 to 15 washings



Just the thing
for your cops
and hots

Perfect on
light colored
dresses,
blouses
and aprons



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Carnation Malted Milk
BOX 1030, HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIFORNIA

Please send me _____ official "Rocky" Lane Posse Shoulder Patch(es). (IMPORTANT — BE SURE TO ORDER ENOUGH PATCHES FOR SEVERAL GARMENTS). For each patch I enclose 10¢ and one Carnation Malted Milk label.

NAME _____
(Please print plainly)

ADDRESS _____

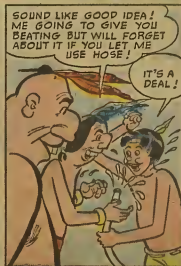
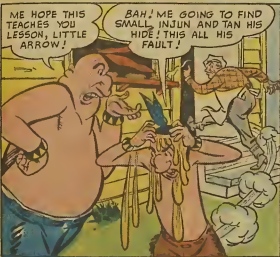
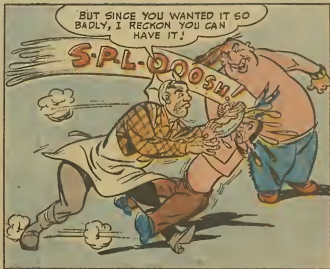
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

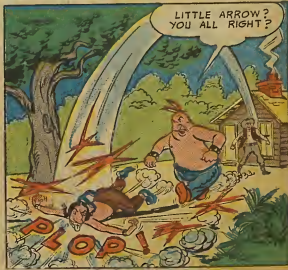
(Offer expires January 30, 1951, and is limited to U.S.A. only)

2 FLAVORS • Chocolate and Natural in thrifty 1-lb. jars

BIG BOW LITTLE ARROW IN THE LESSON









TOM MIX

meets
RICOCHET ROSS

THE LAW'S GOING TO PAY
FER BREAKING UP MY GANG!
SAY YORE PRAYERS,
SHERIFFS!

KILLER CURTIS
HAS KILLED MORE
THAN A DOZEN
SHERIFFS ALREADY!



RICOCHET ROSS was a great Western Marshal whom everyone respected, including **TOM MIX** -- although they had never met! Mix looked forward to their first meeting, unaware that it would be on opposite sides of the law!

In Harmon Corners, outside the Sheriff's Office...

THINGS ARE SO QUIET
AROUND HYAR, I'LL
TAKE A LITTLE
RIDE!

EYER SINCE THET LAWMAN
KILLED AND JAILED MOST OF
MY GANG, I VOWED TO KILL
EVERY SHERIFF I LAID
EYES ON!



-- AND THIS MAKES MY TWELFTH!

OOF!

BANG!



Shortly after, at the Marshal's Office...

WE JUST GOT WORD THAT ANOTHER SHERIFF'S BEEN KILLED OVER IN HARMON CORNERS! THAT MAKES THE TWELFTH IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS! THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT ITS BEING THE WORK OF THE SAME KILLER!

ACCORDING TO THE ROUTE HE'S BEEN TAKING, IT LOOKS AS IF HIS NEXT STOP WILL BE DOBIE!

FEDERAL MARSHAL'S OFFICE

WANTED

AND I'M SENDING YUH OVER TO DOBIE TO WORK WITH MIKE SHAW AND TOM MIX! YORE MY BEST MARSHAL, RICOCHET ROSS!

TOM MIX!
I'VE NEVER HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING UP WITH HIM!

YOU'RE A HANDY MAN WITH A SIX SHOOTER, ROSS, AND THET RICOCHET SHOT OF YOURS IS THE BEST IN THE COUNTRY!

THANKS, MARSHAL!

TOM MIX EH? WELL, I'LL GET HIM, ALONG WITH RICOCHET ROSS AND MAYBE THE SHERIFF OVER IN DOBIE, TOO!

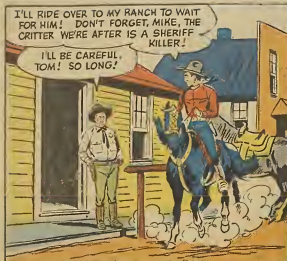
IT'D BE SAFER FER YUH TO BE TRAVELING WITHOUT YORE MARSHAL'S BADGE, RICOCHET! WE'LL WIRE MIX TO EXPECT YUH!

THET MAKES SENSE! IT MEANS, I WON'T BE A TARGET FER THET SHERIFF KILLER!

Later, in Dobie...

I JUST GOT WORD FROM THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE, MIKE, THEY'RE SENDING THEIR ACE MAN, RICOCHET ROSS, OVER TO WORK WITH US!

SHERIFF MIKE SHAW DOBIE JAILHOUSE



Later...

IF MIX GOT THE MARSHAL'S WIRE, HE SHOULD BE EXPECTING ME -- I MEAN, RICOCHET ROSS!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

HOWDY! I RECKON YOU'RE TOM MIX! MY NAME IS RICOCHET ROSS! I WAS SENT BY THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE!

COME RIGHT IN, MARSHAL! I'VE NEVER HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING YOU, BUT I'VE CERTAINLY HEARD A GREAT DEAL ABOUT YOUR WORK -- ESPECIALLY THAT FAMED RICOCHET SHOT OF YOURS!

THAT'S NO SENSE WASTING WORDS, MIX! WE'RE BOTH MEN OF ACTION AND WE'RE BOTH INTERESTED IN CAPTURING THIS SHERIFF KILLER!

NOTHING ELSE MATTERS, ROSS!

I HAVE A PICTURE OF HIM HYAR IN MY WALLET! I CAN TELL YUH HE'S A MIGHTY TOUGH HOMBRE, MIX! I MET UP WITH HIM ON THE WAY OVER! IN FACT, HE NICKED ME IN THE SHOULDER! I'M A-FEARED I WON'T BE OF MUCH USE TO YUH!

YOU CAN REST HERE AT THE RANCH, RICOCHET! JUST TELL ME WHERE YOU SPOTTED HIM, AND I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND HIM!

IT WAS UP IN THE HILLS NEAR THE ROCKS! I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY HE WAS HEADED, BUT THET PICTURE OF HIM SHOULD MAKE IT EASY FER YUH TO IDENTIFY HIM!

HE LOOKS LIKE SUCH A NICE, CLEAN-CUT FELLOW! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE HE'S A KILLER!

Little does Mix realize that the picture he holds is that of RICOCHET ROSS!

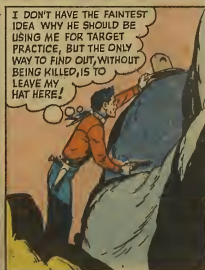
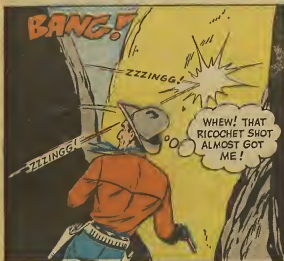
YOU'LL FIND SOME BANDAGES IN THE KITCHEN TO TAKE CARE OF THAT SHOULDER OF YOURS! IF IT FEELS BAD, YOU CAN SEND FOR DOC GREENE! I'M HEADING FOR THE HILLS!

DON'T FRET ABOUT ME, MIX! JEST TAKE CARE OF YORESELF AND WATCH FER THE SHERIFF KILLER!

Meanwhile...

I STILL CAN'T FIGGER OUT WHY ANYONE WOULD CONK ME ON THE HEAD JEST TO STEAL MY PICTURE! BUT THAR'S NO TIME TO THINK OF THET! I'VE GOT TO GIT OVER TO THE TM BAR RANCH!











TOM MIX IS ON THE AIR!

DYNAMIC ACTION
WITH YOUR FAVORITE
WESTERN-COMICS
HERO

BROADCAST FROM COAST TO COAST OVER THE MUTUAL NETWORK, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY AT 5:30 P.M.



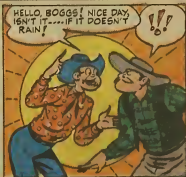
BIGGER'N BETTER BUBBLES-

PRICE-A PENNY A PIECE-

AN' THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT..

1¢

FRANK H. FLEER CORP.
PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.



TROUBLE at GHOST-TOWN!

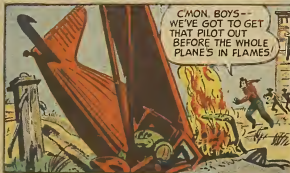
ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE

ONE DAY OUT WEST, THE BOYS AND I WERE EXPLORING A MYSTERIOUS OLD GHOST-TOWN NEAR ROCK CITY, WHEN SUDDENLY--

JIM-- THAT PLANE! IT'S GOING TO CRASH!



C'MON, BOYS-- WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT PILOT OUT BEFORE THE WHOLE PLANE'S IN FLAMES!

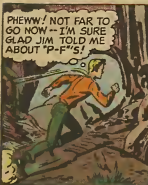


MUST GET--SERUM-- TO HOSPITAL-- ROCK CITY-- DYING CHILD--

I'LL GET THAT SERUM TO THE HOSPITAL, JIM-- IF I HAVE TO RUN ALL THE WAY!



PHWW! NOT FAR TO GO NOW-- I'M SURE GLAD JIM TOLD ME ABOUT "P-F"'S!



WHAT JIM TOLD BOB ABOUT "P-F"*:
HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE SPEED,
MORE ENERGY AND REAL FOOT COMFORT:

1. THE ALL IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION-- HELPS PREVENT FOOT STRAIN.

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION



* TRADE MARK

SOON...

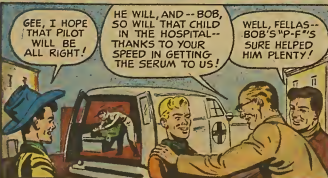
LOOK--BOB'S BACK ALREADY! HE REALLY MUST HAVE SET A NEW SPEED RECORD!



GEE, I HOPE THAT PILOT WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

HE WILL, AND-- BOB, SO WILL THAT CHILD IN THE HOSPITAL-- THANKS TO YOUR SPEED IN GETTING THE SERUM TO US!

WELL, FELLAS-- BOB'S "P-F"'S SURE HELPED HIM PLENTY!



FOR EXTRA SPEED ENERGY AND COMFORT, INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES. GET YOUR "P-F"'S TODAY!



"P-F" CANVAS SHOES
MADE ONLY BY
B.F. Goodrich AND
Hood Rubber Co.

TOM MIX
WESTERN

LASH LARUE
WESTERN

WESTERN HERO

Gabby Hayes
Western

Six-Gun
Heroes

funny animals

SMILEY BURNETTE
WESTERN

Rocky LANE
WESTERN

Monte Hale
WESTERN

Bill Boyd
WESTERN

NYOKA
THE JUNGLE GIRL

CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.

The Marvel Family

HOPALONG CASSIDY



WHIZ
COMICS

Rod Cameron
western



Captain Marvel



MASTER
COMICS

ALWAYS THE BEST!

FOR TOP NOTCH READING
EXCITEMENT BUY...

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

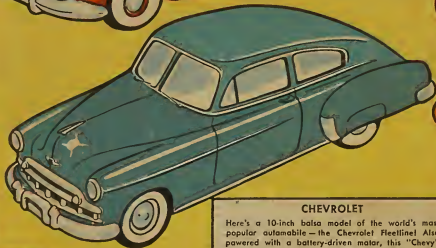
10¢ AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS 10¢



HEY GANG!
LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



CHEVROLET

Here's a 10-inch balsa model of the world's most popular automobile—the Chevrolet Fleetline! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

HOW TO ORDER:

Send 25 cents for each plan to MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number